

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 219.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1856.

PRICE 1d.



THE STUDIO OF THE SERF-ARTIST.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE SERF-ARTIST AND HIS VISITOR.

MID-DAY and mid-winter. The streets are almost deserted by foot-passengers, and the fur-clad occu-

pants of sledges wrap themselves more closely in their multitudinous coverings, as, gliding along the various Prospekts, they encounter the sharp, howling, northern blast, which brings with it a manifest taint of Lake Lagoda, and very positive

No. 219, 1856.

L

reminders of icebergs and frozen seas beyond Lapland. Here and there is a pedestrian, however; and among these are two who, proceeding briskly in opposite directions, meet and recognise each other. Muffled from head to foot as they are—for their heads are covered with a sort of fur helmet, with the vizor down, so that only eyes and nose appear; and their big, roomy, but not too roomy, boots are lined with the same material—this is not the time or place for ceremonious greetings. For one moment they halt, however.

"Alexey! this is fortunate. It is some time since I saw you."

"Gaspodin Clifford, it is great happiness to me to see you."

"We are near your lodgings, Alexey. I was about to call on you. Can you turn back with me?"

"I was but going to the bath," replied the young Russian, after a momentary hesitation; "but—" and his apparent hesitation increased.

"Nay, if it be inconvenient, Alexey, I will turn back," said the young Englishman, good-humouredly. "Nevertheless, I have that with me which will make me a welcome visitor, I trust."

"You are always a welcome, because a kind visitor, Monsieur Clifford," replied Alexey, who, though speaking English fluently, varied his titles of courtesy through different languages, evidently without premeditation; "yet had I rather that your call had been at some other time."

While speaking these few sentences, they had moved on together, the young artist having turned and accompanied his companion towards his lodgings.

"Then I will not intrude, my good friend; I will look in again on you to-morrow; or say that you will call on me, or rather on my uncle: that will do as well, only let it be soon."

"No, no, Mynheer Clifford; you shall not have been at this trouble for nothing—and it is but a foolish whim of mine. The poor serf-painter does not like his poverty to be seen."

"If that is all, Mr. Ivanoff, I may have a plaster for that sore," said Clifford, gaily; "so let us enter."

They had ere this turned into a narrower street, and were at the foot of a common stair which led to various apartments of lodgers on the several floors of one of the dwellings. Alexey's rooms were, as Clifford knew, in the upper story.

The room which they entered was small, and very bare of furniture. Near the single window was a painter's easel, and on a bench close by were marble slabs, palettes, pencils, and spatula. On the easel was an unfinished painting on its rough frame, and the room smelt strongly of oils and turpentine. It was the artist's studio.

It had its *petch*, or stove, and—what appeared matter of surprise to the visitor—stretched before it, and basking in its fervent heat, was a man in the usual dress of a Russian boor. He was sleeping, or seemed to be so; but his face was turned from the light, and partly hidden also by his arm thrown across it.

"I did not know that you had set up a *dvornik*—a fire-lighter—Alexey," said Clifford, gaily.

"I find it good economy," replied the painter, with an air of indifference; "I have so much to

do, and daylight is so penurious now, that it is convenient, if not absolutely necessary."

The sleeping man's slumbers seemed to be light, for the sound of voices roused him, and throwing back his arm, he turned half round to the light. It was a pale, haggard, and otherwise unprepossessing countenance which met the gaze of Penrhyn Clifford; and the hectic cough and shrunken limbs gave token of sickness, either present or not long past. There was a manifest expression of weariness and anxiety, too, on the countenance, in spite of the quick and bright gleams which shone in his small deep-set eyes when he opened them, and which he fixed upon the visitor.

Clifford started; and the man, having, as it seemed, satisfied his curiosity, turned away, sluggishly rose, and, in obedience to his master's glance, disappeared in the inner apartment, closing the door after him as he entered it.

"That man is honest, I hope, my good friend," said Clifford in a low voice.

"I fancy so," said Alexey, unconcernedly; "though I would not answer for it either. But it matters little to me; I—who have nothing to tempt the dishonest—need care but little."

"But you may have, Alexey: see here, I have brought payment for that painting. You valued it at—roubles."

"Yes, Gaspodin Clifford; but may-be I was too sanguine: I have thought so since."

"Not at all; not sanguine enough. See, here is three times that sum. My uncle has found a liberal purchaser;" and the young Englishman placed a weighty bag in his friend's hand. "Count it," he said, "and see that it is all right."

Alexey took the bag carelessly in his hand, opened it, and took out a portion of its contents. He then returned it. "If my good friend, Mr. Penrhyn, will take care of the rest for me," he said, "it will be better. I have taken as much as I shall need for some time to come, and it will be as well not to tempt my poor fellow in the next room. Besides, I have nowhere to keep it, and should needs spend it if it were in my own possession."

"I will take it back, then; but you must count it first, and let me give you an acknowledgment in my uncle's name."

"It does not need, Monsieur Clifford," said the artist. "Mr. Penrhyn will take good account of my monies; I had rather trust it in his hands without counting."

"It must be as you will, dear Alexey," replied Clifford, putting up the bag—the more readily because of the dangerous proximity of a man of whose character he believed he had reason to be suspicious;—"but," continued he, "you are not even curious to know who has become the purchaser of your painting, my dear friend."

"Some greedy boyar, I suppose," said the artist, with a burst of bitterness, "who has squeezed the money out of the hearts and lives of his miserable serfs; and who sets up pretensions to taste and patronage, when all the while he is below the lowest—"

"Hush, hush, dear Alexey," said Clifford softly. "I dare say it is all true; I know it is; and that you have reason enough to be angry; nevertheless—"

"I was wrong," said the young Russian in a calmer tone; "I should not have spoken thus of any one whom your uncle honours with even a passing acquaintance on matters of business; but it enrages me when I see men, such as I have known, revelling in wealth, and squandering it, and filling their houses with all imaginable luxuries, when their natural tastes remain coarse and brutal; but we will not speak of this, Mr. Clifford."

"You are not anxious, however, to know the fate and destination of your painting, Alexey; so I must tell you without further preface, that the czarina is the purchaser, and that it is placed, as I am informed, in a conspicuous part of her picture gallery in the Winter Palace."

This information did not produce so great satisfaction as Clifford perhaps expected to witness. Alexey merely remarked that it was very well—that it was not the first of his works—thanks to his ever kind friend, Mr. Penrhyn—which had been honoured with the same high destiny; and that at any rate he could not complain that Catherine was niggardly in her scale of remuneration.

"The empress is greatly pleased with the painting," Clifford continued, "and has expressed much satisfaction that Russia has produced such talent as yours. It must be encouraged, she says."

"Yes," exclaimed Ivanoff, with a return of bitterness in his tone and expressive countenance; "and it adds to her satisfaction, doubtless, that the painter is a *serf*; and she will exultingly point out my pictures to every credulous foreign traveller, as a proof of the happy and prosperous and cultivated condition of her good children, the *serfs* of the soil. When I think of this," he added, "I feel as though I would rather return to my former obscurity, and never again touch brush and palette."

"But what if the empress has listened kindly to the representations which have been made in your behalf, my dear Alexey," said Clifford, soothingly, "and should have promised—all but promised—to interest herself in procuring your freedom?"

The young *serf* stared wildly at the speaker, and started as in ecstasy from the posture of humiliation and conscious degradation which had followed his outbursts of passion. "You cannot, do not, will not deceive me, Mr. Clifford?" he exclaimed, and tears burst from his eyes.

"I should be worthy contempt, my dear friend, if I could dare to raise hopes without foundation."

"And yet," continued the *serf*, "of what avail would it be?"—and he sank back into his drooping posture and his look and tone of despondency;—"if I had my freedom, of what avail, when *she* —. No, Mr. Clifford," he added, in a more manly strain, "the sound of freedom is indeed pleasant; but while Natalia remains a slave, I would not accept it. Now, I dare sometimes hope that she may be mine; and being mine, we should be on terms of equality; but being free, I will not say what thoughts might spring up within me; and if none sprang up, we should be for ever parted by the injustice and cruelty of her owners: the last thread of hope would be broken, Mr. Clifford, and, and—I do not wish for freedom."

"Do not say so, Alexey," said Clifford, deeply moved; "you do not know by experience what a

blessed thing freedom is; and you cannot tell what might come to pass. At all events, I may tell you now that poor Natalia has a friend at Semenovskoye in — in the young English lady I told you off; and —"

"Enough, sir; enough, my kind good Mr. Clifford; you mean and think kindly, and you draw pretty pictures in your mind," said the young *serf*, with a faint and sickly smile; "but—but you do not know Russia yet. Wait till you have seen more of us, and then —"

"I will not let you fill up the blank, Alexey," interposed the young Englishman, as Ivanoff paused; "you must let me draw pretty pictures, as you say; and we will see if they do not turn to realities. And now, pardon me; but there is something else I must say before I leave you. That man, in yonder room—your *dvornik* —."

"Ah, poor Paul; he is an honest fellow I believe; I know of only one fault he has: he is too fond of *vodka* when he can get it, and no wonder; but I have a spell for keeping him sober."

"And what is that, my good friend?"

"Why, to keep him close prisoner here, where he will find nothing stronger than tea, unless he takes to oil and turpentine," said Alexey, with a laugh, though Clifford imagined it to be a troubled one.

"Some might hint that oil and turpentine would have temptations for a Russian stomach," said Clifford, thoughtlessly; and then he remembered that his friend was a Russian, and apologised. "But," added he, "this is not what I would say: I say nothing about his honesty; but I have seen that man before, Alexey."

"Possibly, Mr. Clifford," replied the artist, unconcernedly, "though I should think not: he is but now arrived from the country."

"That but confirms my impressions, my dear friend. You remember that I told you that in my recent visit to the interior I met a band of convicts proceeding to their destination in Siberia."

"I do remember your naming the circumstance. It is a sight common enough for any one who seeks after such things," said Ivanoff, moodily.

"It is the only such sight that I have seen, Alexey; and I have little desire to witness another."

"I can well understand that, my dear friend; but you were saying —"

"That this man Paul—if Paul be his name—strikes me as having formed one of the gang whom I met: the face at the time fixed itself on my memory by its peculiar outlines; the same broad forehead and peculiar projecting eyebrows, and, more than all, the same bright, sunken, vindictive eyes. I think he recognised me, too, just now."

"I should say that that would be very unlikely, Gospodin Clifford," said the young artist, smiling. "A man under sentence for Siberia is not very likely to have inclination to take much notice of people around him."

As he said this, the artist paced the room in evident perturbation; at length, as if struggling with some internal feeling, he spoke.

"I told you when we met in the street, Mr. Clifford, that I could have wished your visit had been paid at another time; and now I wish I had

refused to return with you. To be frank," Alexey continued, "I have special reasons for wishing that you will not pursue the subject of your conversation farther. Oblige me by forgetting that you have seen this man here at all; or if you will still insist on supposing that he is the same individual that you met on the road, fancy that the man has been pardoned; only, pursue the subject no farther at present, and do not allude to your having met him here: I have special reasons for asking this favour."

All this seemed abundantly mysterious to Clifford; but seeing the evident pain the subject gave to Alexey, he was too glad to change the conversation. An opportunity of doing so readily presented itself.

"By the way, Alexey," he observed, "some of our English friends are making up an excursion somewhere out in the fens and wilds a few miles northward, where they tell me is abundance of wild-fowl. Will you join us?"

"You English are strange people, Mr. Clifford," said Alexey; "one would think there were wild-fowl enough in the *plotschad*—the market—without taking the trouble of seeking them in the fens. I cannot go with you, however. You forget that I am a prisoner at large in St. Petersburg."

Through the remainder of that day, and the next, Clifford was haunted with the remembrance of the man's forbidding countenance; and the more he thought of his interview with Alexey, and the reserve of the latter, the greater was his dissatisfaction. Transparent and candid himself, Clifford had a natural abhorrence of concealment, as implying, as that too often does, the existence of something that is wrong. Grave doubts, too, occurred to him, whether he had not been too rapid in the formation of his friendship with the artist, whose character Penrhyn's uncle appeared to have seen in its bright side only, ignorant, apparently, of the darker passions that fermented beneath the surface.

THE RAISING OF THE SIEGE OF DERRY IN 1689.

THE new volumes of Macaulay's History will by this time have been in the hands of many of our readers; but as, to tens of thousands of them, the work will for a long time prove inaccessible, a few extracts from the great literary composition of our age will no doubt prove generally acceptable. Much has been written by fastidious critics as to the diffuseness of the historian; but it seems something very like ingratitude to quarrel with the rich and bountiful fare which the author has placed before us, at an expense of research that it is amazing to contemplate. No Christian reader, we may incidentally observe, can rise from the perusal of this book without a deep sense of the gratitude which our country owes to William III, who was emphatically, under God, the deliverer of the nation from superstitious thralldom and unconstitutional power.

Equally impossible is it not to sympathise with this brave and magnanimous prince, struggling, and sometimes well-nigh heartbroken, with the fierce party conflicts and unscrupulous

intrigues that opposed his far-seeing and comprehensive plans for the consolidation of English liberties. Mr. Macaulay has done wisely to dwell fully on the storms and tempests amidst which the rights we now enjoy were cradled. He is as brilliant as ever, too, in the episodes respecting contemporary life and manners, which relieve the more purely historical portion of his narrative. Under his luminous and pictorial touch, the close of the seventeenth century shapes itself into a clear and definite object. We see and converse familiarly with the actors on the stage; all the accessories of costume are preserved; and, as if by some magic wand, the long-buried past is touched with vitality, and breathes again before us.

Amongst many great historical *tableaux* which Mr. Macaulay has given, perhaps none is more graphic than the following narrative of the raising of the siege of Derry, so long defended by the Protestant garrison against the assaults of James and the forces of Louis XIV.—

"By this time July (1689) was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in; one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the

cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other.' It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

"It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

"Just at this time Kirke received a despatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

"Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the 'Mountjoy.' The master, Micajah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the 'Phoenix,' who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the 'Dartmouth' frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

"It was the 30th of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril: for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of

the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the 'Mountjoy' took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the 'Mountjoy' rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the 'Dartmouth' poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the 'Phoenix' dashed at the breach which the 'Mountjoy' had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The 'Mountjoy' began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more: a shot from one of the batteries had struck him. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the 'Mountjoy' grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the 31st of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the 1st of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

"So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers

cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

"As soon as it was known that the Irish army had retired, a deputation from the city hastened to Lough Foyle, and invited Kirke to take the command. He came accompanied by a long train of officers, and was received in state by the two Governors, who delivered up to him the authority which, under the pressure of necessity, they had assumed. He remained only a few days; but he had time to show enough of the incurable vices of his character to disgust a population distinguished by austere morals and ardent public spirit. There was, however, no outbreak. The city was in the highest good humour. Such quantities of provisions had been landed from the fleet, that there was in every house a plenty never before known. A few days earlier a man had been glad to obtain for twenty pence a mouthful of carrion scraped from the bones of a starved horse. A pound of good beef was now sold for three halfpence. Meanwhile all hands were busied in removing corpses which had been thinly covered with earth, in filling up the holes which the shells had ploughed in the ground, and in repairing the battered roofs of the houses. The recollection of past dangers and privations, and the consciousness of having deserved well of the English nation and of all Protestant churches, swelled the hearts of the townspeople with honest satisfaction. That satisfaction grew stronger when they received from William a letter acknowledging, in the most affectionate language, the debt which he owed to the brave and trusty citizens of his good city. The whole population crowded to the 'Diamond' to hear the royal epistle read. At the close all the guns on the ramparts sent forth a voice of joy: all the ships in the river made answer: barrels of ale were broken up; and the health of their Majesties was drunk with shouts and volleys of musketry.

"Five generations have since passed away; and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and far down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well de-

served: yet it was scarcely needed: for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved; nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the Fishmongers in London, was distinguished, during the hundred and five memorable days, by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of Roaring Meg. The cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the House of Bourbon have long been dust: but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands of Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons: Lundy has been executed in effigy; and the sword, said by tradition to be that of Maumont, has, on great occasions, been carried in triumph. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired, and embellished. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities; and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance."

LETTERS FROM STOCKHOLM.

LETTER I.

THE busy month of October has come, and everything is changing in Stockholm life. This month and that of April are the two revolutionary months of Swedish life; one changes summer life into winter, the other, winter life into summer. The bustle here almost frightens me; the preparations for winter might lead a stranger to imagine the town was threatened with a siege. Blockaded, it certainly will be, but only by ice. Now all exports are being hurried off, and all imports are hurried in; there is a ceaseless roll and racket of carts beneath my windows, which unfortunately overlook the thoroughfare to the small vessels that carry provisions and wood from the interior to the capital. The carts are of the most singularly primitive construction; sometimes mere bare poles, or a couple of small fir trees, with the bark, perhaps,

taken off; supported on wheels, with a cross pole at each end. On the side of this the driver sits when it is empty, in such a position that the horse prevents him seeing the least before him; and in the other carts the driver stands up with the long cord reins in his hand, but with his head almost always turned the contrary way to that the horses are taking; and so they dash along with a wild velocity that would quite astonish our order-keeping policemen. There are few foot-ways here: they are indeed only beginning to form such conveniences; and so foot-goers must take care of themselves as they can, for neither law nor sentiment appears to be in their favour.

During the twenty-four hours there is certainly not more than four of anything like quietness in the streets. My hostess is a deaf old lady, one of the poor and proud nobility. She sits in her window knitting, and when I complain, she says, "Do you hear noise? I sit here all day long, and hear none."

The streets are covered with heaps of wood, and the sound of the chopper or saw resounds on every side. Never did I notice so much provision for firing brought into a town; it adds to my fears for the Swedish "good winter." Wood carts stand, or drive, five, six, seven deep, often forming lines quite across the streets. Walkers are of no manner of consequence here. If they endeavour to go on their way by creeping as closely as possible to the houses, a cart perhaps is tilted up, (in the old-fashioned style of unyoking the horse and letting it stand or move where it pleases), and down comes a load of logs, which may fall over you, or may not, as you or they please. Then in another spot a man is cutting these logs, and throwing them to his fellow-workman, who catches them in his hands and flings them down a cellar. You may chance to intercept a log, but that will be your own concern. No one else will mind it, for industry must go on.

It is not only out-of-doors that bustle and hurry are seen. Every housekeeper is busy. Winter stores are preparing, provisions of all kinds laid in, various preserves most excellently made; the arrangement of rooms is changed, houses are taken and let, servants are changing places, the "good families," as the higher or richer people are called, be they as bad as bad can be, are coming into town; the pleasant villa-palaces of Rosendal, Hoga, Drottingholm, etc., will now be left empty, and those of Stockholm be re-occupied. Many a little wooden box, the country resort of the tradesman, will be shut up, its temporary arrangements, so gracefully and cleverly made, dismantled; and all sorts of people, having enjoyed their short summer as heartily as any people could do, will prepare to enjoy their long winter with at least equal heartiness.

My present state is one of anxiety and impatience. This is caused by ignorance. I want to know what a winter in Sweden will be, and how I should prepare for it. My ever-moving, never-resting hostess wishes me to do everything but what I want to do; and is willing to give me anything but what I require. She insists that it is impossible I should want a carpet under my feet, but affirms it is impossible I can do without a muff for my hands. She has now come in to say the

double windows must be put up for the winter.

"Will they keep out the noise?"

"We use them to keep out the cold," she answered: "we never mind noise here."

"But the rooms are too warm already."

"That is because you are used to the frightfully cold rooms of London. When my relation, Excellence — was minister there, he got a cold that he never recovered of; it gave him the liver complaint. The walls were so thin that the air came through them, and the windows were so open, or so loose, that they actually shook and rattled, and there was a great open fire-place that the air came down; and when the fire was lighted one of his sides was burned, and the other was as cold as ever."

"Poor man! but I must have some air," I said, glancing at the closed-up stove, and the double windows.

"You may have a pane left to open."

"Yes, that is necessary."

"But you must not open it! No, madame, that is impossible! If you open it now, you will let in the flies, and if you open it in winter, you will let in the cold, and let out the heat. The cold will get into the walls, so that we cannot get them warm again. That would be too expensive."

The double windows were put in, a piece of white cotton wool, ornamented with little artificial flowers, was laid between the sashes that were not to open, and the entire sash was secured from the risk of admitting a breath of air by having strips of thick white paper pasted all over it.

"And how am I to breathe now?" I asked, looking round the apparently air-tight rooms.

"When the fires are lighted in the morning the air comes in," she answered, "for then the stove is opened."

These stoves are open for perhaps a quarter of an hour, a few logs of wood being sufficient, generally, to heat a Swedish room for the day. Two fires, one morning and evening, are the most that are made, and then some people say no fire is needed the next day. When the wood burns down to clear embers, the immense porcelain stove is shut up at top and bottom, the bricks with which it is lined become exceedingly hot, and the heavy warmth of the rooms has an oppressive and stupefying effect on me.

I ought to prepare for this "good hard winter," by buying warm clothing; but here almost all articles of dress, especially woollens, are both dear, bad, and hard to be got. In the country, the Swedes make almost all they use at home. Looms and spinning-wheels are still busy in every house, of every rank. The protective duty system appears in some respects a great mistake; although it undoubtedly tends to maintain home industry, it retards the advancement of the country. What appears to me most curious in this antiquated system is, that while most foreign goods are heavily taxed, the importation of others is altogether prohibited. Those that are prohibited are the most fashionable. A dress of watered silk, for instance, is the most elegant a lady can wear. It is supposed to have been bought and made up in some other country. Smuggling is thus encouraged. A shopkeeper of high standing gave me this infor-



PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER IN STOCKHOLM.

mation while showing me a piece of this watered silk. "How did it come here if its importation is prohibited?" I stupidly inquired. He shook his head, and replied, "I do not know how." A man showed me some Scotch tartans on his counter, but was at an equal loss to say how they had come there.

Sweden, like Norway, has continued, notwithstanding the illiberality of nature towards it, an agricultural and pastoral country. It has not, under its long and strict protective system, at all progressed in manufactures. It is probable that home industry would not be much injured or lessened by the permission of a freer trade. In their long winter nights, when frost-bound in their houses, and when field labour was suspended, the people would probably employ themselves at their looms, whether foreign cloths or steam-loom manufactures at home afforded them clothing or not. As it is, a blanket is scarcely ever seen on their beds, and every contrivance to supply the place of woollen wear, even by the better classes, is resorted to. Sheepskins, with the wool inside, are used both for blankets and coats by the poorer classes, and quilts, stuffed thick with cotton, and under garments also, made in the same fashion, are used by others.

In one respect, however, the scarcity and dearth of fine clothing, and the confinement of the people to home-made woollens and cottons and

linens, are productive of a great good. It is that people dress here according to their station, and do not change their own modes with the varying fashions of their betters. The tawdry finery, the miserable affectation of "the fashion," which are so unhappily prevalent in our own country, are as yet unknown in Sweden, even in Stockholm, though seen in the poor highlands and islands of Scotland, and even among the population of Ireland, where, alas! the only *national* costume is, or used to be, rags. The good, plain, distinctive, yet neat and tidy dress of the maid-servants of Stockholm is something quite refreshing and attractive. No bonnet is ever worn except by the higher and middle classes. The rich black silk handkerchief, which supplies its place, is an article of much consideration; it is tastefully, but very simply, tied under the chin, and often costs more than the paltry bonnet with all its flowers and ribbons, worn by their equals in these countries. A dark or black (the latter is the state colour) stuff dress, a paletot, or shawl, and a good pair of gloves, without which no maid-servant ever goes out, complete a simple and respectable attire. This class is, notwithstanding, considered to comprise the best looking of the Swedish women. Certainly in manner I never saw any to surpass them. I heard an Englishman of rank observe, that a "maid-servant

here will make you a curtsy worthy of a duchess." To our bluff country folk it does seem rather strange to see a working man hold his hat in his hand while speaking in the street to a servant woman, who, on parting, makes him a curtsy, in return for his two or three bows, in a style more adapted, we might think, to a court drawing-room than to a street.

My old hostess has never been out of her own country in her life; but she tells me a great deal of mine which I never knew before, and persists that she knows all that better than I can do, since she is connected with an English lady who twenty years ago married one of her relations, and who likes Sweden far better than England. One point for which she contends is, that the ladies of England never do anything in their houses; that they leave all to servants, and occupy themselves only with their education. The truth is, that female education is very deficient, or at best very superficial, in Sweden. A very high idea is entertained here of the solidity and extent of an English education; and as my old hostess appears to fancy that by taking from the merits of England, she adds to those of Sweden, she wants to persuade me that English ladies attend to their education at the expense of their domestic and family duties, while a Swedish lady far excels them in the latter, and does not fall far short of them in the former.

In Stockholm, however, the life of a house-keeper is not half so careful and busy as that of an active English one. In the country it would be a vast deal more so, if it were not that one of those useful creatures is taken into the family, who, by the usual torturing of French words into Swedish, is styled *Mamsell*, instead of *Mademoiselle*, and who, being either a poor relation, or an orphan foster-child, or a poor clergyman's daughter, takes on herself the care of the household with its extended ramifications.

As regards the art of cookery, I can scarcely say whether the English or Swedish dame would have the most difficult office, the mysteries of that art in Sweden being as yet unpenetrated by me. Not feeling well the other day, I asked for some soup. I got some light-brown fluid, on the surface of which floated two slices of preserved pears, and at the bottom of the plate lay two French plums. I was asked if I wished for sugar to put in it. The sugar basin always adorns the head or centre of a plain Swedish table, filled with pounded sugar, which is plentifully used in most dishes, and even with vegetables. Another time, asking for soup, I got barley water, with one large French plum in the cup. Something like what we call soup, is here called by the barbarized French name of *Bouljong*. The Swedish language is unhappily full of French words, which the Swedes choose to spell as they pronounce them. I trust our language may be preserved from a similar corruption. Meat in Sweden is very bad, and in the country can seldom be got, unless, like everything else, home-reared, or home-killed. They do not seem to know how to fatten cattle; as for beef, I always suspected that they took the wretched oxen from the loaded carts to supply the Stockholm butchers. It is such that the native taste conforms itself to the chief native diet, fish; this, and game, are plentiful, cheap, and excellent. A dish which I

never eat before, nor thought of eating, is the flesh of the rein-deer: there is no such thing as wasting meat here; but baked, this rein-deer flesh is very nice, and has the flavour of game.

Family life is much more diversified in Sweden than it is in England. To a people so passionately addicted to amusements, the usual uniformity of our evenings would be intolerable, especially as the Swedes are not in general a reading people, although all, to the lowest and poorest, must learn to read. The love of amusement pervades every class, and to all classes amusements are accessible. I must say I have as yet seen none that were revolting or even indecorous. In every-day life, there is perhaps a blending of the German and French manners and customs, with a stronger tendency to the German, while they flatter themselves that they much more resemble the French. They are, however, a much more serious people than the latter, and never can resemble them. Even in their amusements this is visible, and in public, or, as we say, out-of-doors, there is something almost ludicrous in its aspect. I have seen a whole street-full of the good Swedes walking off in one direction to some scene of public amusement, and their faces, and the general prevalence on such occasions of black dresses, gave me rather the idea of people going to a funeral, where, while it was decent to look grave, no actual sorrow was felt.

The people are in general poor, but there is not the great disparity of immense wealth and extreme poverty, as in England. The nobility are a strangely numerous, and, with few exceptions, a very poor class. The rage for titles in Sweden is most ridiculous. The richer merchants and shopkeepers of Stockholm have injured themselves and their families by giving their money with their daughters to a penniless noble or officer, whose debts the good father-in-law has often had to pay before the marriage. The most excessive tenacity is preserved with respect to all titles, of whatever rank, for you must address every one by the title of his office, employment, or even trade, if he have no other. I found myself once embarrassed by not knowing the name of a coachmaker from whom I had hired a carriage, because I had never heard him addressed, nor addressed him myself, but as Mr. Coachmaker. Persons must be addressed only in the third person, and by the title, as if you spoke of, not to them. Even to a servant it would be an offence or an unkindness to use the pronoun "you;" the name must be repeated, or the familiar pronoun *thou*, every time you speak. Ladies are called by the feminine of their husbands' title or office, or rank. Thus clergymen are called priests, and addressed by that title, and not by their respective names; a clergyman's wife is consequently styled priestess, or, if you will so translate it, Mrs. Priest. So the wives of officers, doctors, lawyers, are never called by their names, but by the name of their husbands' office or employment, with the feminine of *stra* added thereto. It is truly ridiculous, and Swedes have told me that one is afraid of addressing a stranger before they know the title to use.

I was in a very bad humour with Swedish titles, when a card with a simple English one was presented to me. Lady L. had come to take me out

in her carriage. I gladly put away my pen, and went out to the beautiful Djurgard, or royal park, adjoining the town: the word means deer-park. The king has a summer villa here, called Rosendal, or the vale of roses: I know not why. He gave it, however, to his son, the crown prince, upon his marriage. To the lover of the picturesque in nature, I know no park that can compete with this. The undulating ground, the masses of brown or moss-covered rocks rising amid splendid trees, oaks, chestnuts, and firs, mingled with the graceful birch, the ever-varying forms and aspects which are constantly presented, render this Djurgard to me, as well as to the natives, an ever-pleasing scene.

It was a bright October day, the first bright one I think we had had, and in the middle or latter end of the month. I was now to see my favourite park in a new and gorgeous costume. We talk in England of the sombre livery of autumn: that livery was anything but sombre here—the brightest green, the richest gold, yet exquisitely beautiful, for the taste was nature's. As we entered the broad carriage-drive, an exclamation of delight and surprise burst from my lips. The immense chestnut trees that bordered it seemed wrought in vivid gold. The sun was bright and warm; the trees were loaded with leaves, but their appearance was unlike anything I had ever seen: there was no yellow, no brown, nothing that looked like fading: the most vivid green was mingled on the same tree with the richest gold. One magnificent tree was seen a mass of bright, deep gold, while on its neighbour and kinsman, every leaf was in unchanged green, and then on another green and gold were mingling; and amid this changing foliage the great, dark, changeless pines rose up amid the rocks. It was quite unlike the russet woods of Old England, unlike "the sere and yellow leaf" which brings sad thoughts to some English hearts. A beautiful glory seemed to have fallen on the great trees. The cold blasts and rain had left their foliage changed, indeed, in aspect, but firm and unfallen, like the suffering, tried, yet steadfast soul of the Christian, giving signs of the strife, but unyielding beneath it.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

PART III.

DURING his residence in Cambridge, Newton was a poor man, at one time so poor that a friend applied to the Royal Society for remission, on his behalf, of the trifling weekly payment. And strange to relate, it was for a long time without success that such men as Locke and Charles Montague sought to procure employment for him in the public service, and this too after the publication of the "Principia" had established his claim to the deepest gratitude of his country. Newton felt all this as another man would have done; and his biographer seems to think it possible that disappointment on this score, joined to the exhaustion produced by long and intense study, may have had something to do in producing the ill health from which Newton suffered in the years 1692-3. His appetite failed, he slept

ill, and complained of diminished mental vigour, which state of things continued for more than twelve months. Certain foreign writers have asserted that this illness was insanity, and that after it, named by them the "fatal epoch" of 1693, the intellect of the philosopher never regained its original strength; further, that it was after this period, and consequently in his deteriorated state of intellect, that he betook himself to religious studies. The cause of insanity they find in the burning of valuable papers containing the results of long years of study. Sir D. Brewster affords a triumphant refutation of the whole story. There was no insanity in the case. While this illness continued, Newton put forth mental efforts fully worthy of his name and fame; his religious studies, and his interest in such subjects, did not begin after this period but long before, and were continued through life; and his illness, whatever it was, had no connection with the burning of his papers, that event having occurred many years before, previous to the time of Dr. H. Newton's residence with Sir Isaac, and therefore previous to the writing of the "Principia."

As to the true story of the burning of the papers, Mr. Conduit furnishes the following account. "When he was in the warmest pursuit of his discoveries, he going out left a candle upon his table amongst his papers; he went down into the bowling green, and meeting somebody who diverted him from returning as he intended, the candle set fire to his papers (and he could never recover them.) Upon my asking him whether they related to his optics, or the method of fluxions, he said he believed there was some relating to both, and that he was obliged to work them all over again."

This burning has been commonly connected with a supposed dog of the sage's, named Diamond. "Sir Isaac," so the tale runs, "being called out of his study to a contiguous room, a little dog called Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant on his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers, and by a fatality not to be retrieved, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost finished labours of some years. Sir Isaac, returning too late but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, 'O Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!' without adding a single stripe." It is a pretty story, and we are sorry to part with it; but the stern light of Sir David's investigations leaves no loop-hole by which Diamond may be saved. The philosopher "never had any communion with dogs or cats," and Diamond is plainly a fabulous animal, henceforward to be shut out from the memory of man.

Official employment was at length procured for Newton. The political elevation of his friend Charles Montague was followed by Newton's appointment to the wardenship of the Mint in 1696, and to the mastership in 1699. This latter office, which yielded him an income of from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds a year, he held during the remainder of his life. In this situation it fell to him to conduct the difficult business of the new coinage, a work in which his chemical knowledge

became of great value. Here his incorruptible integrity stands out in fine contrast to the miserable failure of England's other great philosopher, Bacon.

"The last thing, sir," writes Dr. Derham to Mr. Conduit, "that I shall trouble you with, shall be a passage relating to the coining of the copper money some years ago, which pleased me much in setting forth the integrity of my friend Sir Isaac. The occasion of our discourse was the great inconveniences which many underwent by the delay of the coining of this sort of money; the occasion of which delay, Sir Isaac told me, was from the numerous petitions that were presented to them, in most of which some person or other of quality was concerned. Amongst others, he told me that an agent of one had made him an offer of above six thousand pounds, which Sir Isaac refusing, on account of its being a bribe, the agent said he saw no dishonesty in the acceptance of the offer, and that Sir Isaac understood not his own interest. To which Sir Isaac replied, that he knew well enough what was his duty, and that no bribes should corrupt him. The agent then told him that he came from a great Duchess, and pleaded her quality and interest. To which Sir Isaac roughly answered, 'I desire you to tell the lady, that if she was here herself, and had made me this offer, I would have desired her to go out of my house; and so I desire you, or you shall be turned out.'"

Newton's London establishment was a very different affair from that of his quiet Cambridge chambers. He kept six servants and a carriage. In his mode of using this vehicle, however, might be recognised the absent-minded philosopher whose street toilette occasionally amused the people of Cambridge. One arm was seen dangling out at this window, the other at the opposite one—a position which ordinary people would find it difficult to reconcile with their notions of comfort.

His beautiful and talented niece, Catherine Barton, presided in his London home for a long period, and around his table were to be met many of the most distinguished *savans* of the day, foreign as well as British. Among the Portsmouth papers, a letter has been found which opens the question, whether the philosopher did not at length seek to place a lady of his own at the head of his table. It is a love letter in the writing of Mr. Conduit, and is entitled, in the same hand, "Copy of a letter to Lady Morris, by —." On the back is written in another hand, "A letter from Sir I. N. to —." This lady, the widow of Sir William Norris—a widow, we may mention, by the way, for the third time—is told by her new suitor that her grief for Sir William proves she has no dislike to the married state; then, that constantly thinking of the dead is, "to live a melancholy life among sepulchres," and injurious to health; and he ventures to hint, moreover, that a widow's dress is unbecoming, and will render her less acceptable in company. Having set forth the evils of her present lot, he proceeds to inform her that the remedy for all these ills is a new husband; and suggests that surely it does not require much consideration whether she shall choose to go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the

ladies; whether she shall spend her days cheerfully or in sadness. Besides, the prudent lover argues, another marriage will enable her to live in better style than she can do with her own unassisted funds; and, as the closing reason, asserts his belief that her ladyship likes the person proposed. It is altogether an amusing production. Sir D. Brewster says there is no means of ascertaining whether the letter was written by Sir Isaac on his own behalf, or for a friend. We may be permitted to doubt whether it was written by Sir Isaac at all. If so, he certainly did not excel in this department. Very fervent love epistles, we should not expect from a man of the philosopher's temperament at any period of life, and least of all after he had turned his sixtieth year; but we are disposed to think that Newton had too much feeling and too much sense, even in matters of this kind, to go a courting after a fashion like this.

The season of neglect for Newton had passed, and honour after honour was now showered upon him. In 1703, on the retirement of Lord Somers, he was elected President of the Royal Society, and re-elected each succeeding year of his life. Two years after he was knighted by Queen Anne when her majesty visited Cambridge, the scene of his great scientific triumphs. We find him afterwards, all uncourtly as were some of his habits, on terms of intimate friendship with the Princess of Wales, the future Queen of England. This royal lady displayed a most laudable love of science, and delighted in the society of men distinguished for mental attainments. On a particular evening of every week she invited them to her presence, both while Princess of Wales and afterwards when on the throne, and entered with keen interest into their discussions. The names of Clarke, Hadley, Berkely, and Sherlock, are mentioned as among these honoured guests. Newton stood high in the regard of her Royal Highness, and through her a series of letters passed between Sir Isaac and Leibnitz—the subject of discussion being the tendency of the English philosophy, which the German asserted was atheistic, while the Englishman indignantly rebutted so serious a charge.

This suggests to us the somewhat vexed question as to what Newton's religious sentiments were. We approach it with a mixed feeling of pleasure and pain—the latter, however, we acknowledge, preponderating. It is pleasing to find this great intellect acknowledge the primary importance of religion, and especially the claims of revealed religion, and the paramount authority of God's Word. He was a diligent student of scripture, and occupied himself much with theological subjects during the whole of his life. We have already referred to the attempts made to date his religious writings after what his French biographer chooses to designate the fatal epoch of 1693, and to suggest a connection between the weakened intellect which he ascribes to the later years of Newton, and the interest which the philosopher took in matters connected with religion. As if in anticipation of some such assertion, John Craig, an eminent mathematician, thus writes in the year in which his friend Newton died. "To show how earnest he was in religion, he had written a long explication of remarkable

parts of the Old and New Testament, while his understanding was in its greatest perfection, lest the infidels might pretend that his applying himself to the study of religion was the effect of dotage." A Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel, and the Apocalypse of St. John, with many other theological papers, remain to show the diligence and zeal with which he prosecuted such studies.

So far all is pleasing; pleasing to find that in his eager search into the works of nature, the God of nature was not forgotten; gratifying also to observe him turn from the book of Nature to that of Revelation, as the clearer light and the one key which could unlock the moral mysteries of this state. The great name of Newton stands out in firm opposition to the ranks of proud infidel philosophers. He ever treated with the deepest reverence that which they, far smaller men, dare in their haughty self-sufficiency to sneer at.

Yet, admitting this, one turns from an examination of Newton's religious opinions with a very saddened feeling. There are doubts hanging over the whole, which we would gladly get rid of, but cannot. Sir Isaac has been claimed both by Arians and Socinians. In the life of the philosopher, by Sir D. Brewster, published many years ago, he decided, from the evidence then before him, against the claims of both, and came to the conclusion that Newton was a Trinitarian. Now that he has had access to the Portsmouth papers, he does not reiterate this opinion; he gives no opinion, but, placing materials from which to judge before the reader, leaves him to form his own conclusion. That conclusion can scarcely be other than that, in regard to some of the leading doctrines of the gospel, Newton's views were at least dubious. This we are led to suppose, not from what he says, but from what he omits to say. A paper containing what may be called Newton's creed, in twelve articles, has been given to the world by Sir David, and the Christian reader is grieved to find there no profession of belief in the divinity of our Lord.

"The Father is omniscient," he writes, "and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God." Again he writes: "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood and made us kings and priests." That Sir Isaac was not a Socinian is proved by his avowed belief that our "Saviour was the object of worship among the primitive Christians, and that he was the Son of God, as well by his resurrection from the dead, as by his supernatural birth of the virgin."

At the same time it cannot be denied that there

does not remain satisfactory evidence to show that Newton received our Lord Jesus Christ as the equal of the Father; and if not, it follows that the great redemption wrought out by the Divine Redeemer could not have been rightly apprehended by him. How small, in such a case, the value of even his achievements in the field of knowledge! What if he had traversed its entire extent and gathered its choicest fruits, if this divine knowledge were not his! How insignificant the one attainment, how overwhelmingly grand and important the other, when viewed in the only true light, that which embraces eternity. How unspeakably greater and more blessed "the babes," to whom the Father hath revealed the things which concern his Son, than "the wise and prudent," from whom they are concealed. In regard to this mystery, as to all other mysteries of his Providence, it becomes us in the spirit of our Lord to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

From a vigorous maturity, Sir Isaac passed to a hale old age. Notwithstanding the opposite prognostics of his birth, and his unremitting mental labours, an unusual measure of health and strength had been his portion. At one period, not only his days, but a large portion of his nights, had been devoted to study, his hour for retiring being two or three, sometimes five or six in the morning, and four or five hours of sleep the allowance of repose he gave himself. After some time, however, he was led to relinquish this evil habit, finding that one hour's work after midnight was more exhausting than a whole day's study.

As to the cure of illness, he was a "great simpler." When he had a cold, he lay in bed till it was gone—two or three days, perhaps, that it might be carried off by perspiration. With Bishop Sanderson, we are told he thought "temperance to be the best physic." Yet he did dabble in medicine sometimes, and compounded a balsam of very wide curative qualities, being "reputed good for the plague, small-pox, colic, or consumption, and of some virtue in case you had been poisoned, or bit by a mad dog."

Wealth as well as honour attended Sir Isaac's later years. One is surprised to read that at his death his personal estate amounted to about £32,000. It was divided amongst the children of his brothers and sisters, the Smiths. This fortune was not accumulated by undue hoarding. Very exact and punctual as to his own use of money, and very inexpensive in his habits, the possession of "idle gold" was always a matter of extreme indifference to him. When at Cambridge, a comparatively poor man, Dr. Newton tells us of his generosity to persons needing pecuniary help, and mentions the case of the widow of a friend, whom he supported, with her five or six children, for several years. In other ways also he showed that money weighed little with him. At one time he lost bank bills to the amount of upwards of £3000, and he suspected that he had been robbed by a young man of his acquaintance, but he could not be prevailed on to prosecute the supposed culprit. Again, he was cheated into paying double its value for an estate which he bought; and when informed that he could vacate the bargain, he answered that he would not for

the sake of two thousand pounds go into Westminster Hall to tell that he had been made a fool of. Occasionally he was somewhat unreasonable in his liberality. Having heard of a book on mathematics, written by Dr. Cheyne, who had not money to print it, he desired the manuscript might be brought to him, and on seeing it, offered Cheyne a bag of money, which he refused; whereupon Sir Isaac was so offended that he would never see the luckless mathematician again. He behaved with better temper to Dr. Cheselden, when he refused a proffered handful of guineas, alleging that one or two was the most he ought to have. Sir Isaac merely laughed, remarking, "Suppose I do give you more than your fee."

The curious in such matters among our London readers may like to know where they are to look for Sir Isaac's residences in the great city. He had a house in Jernyn Street, near St. James's church, for thirteen years. One year he resided in Chelsea, and then removed to Martin Street, near Leicester Fields, where he remained during the remainder of his life. This abode "is the first house on the left hand, or east side of Martin Street as you enter it from Leicester Square. It stands at the corner of Long's Court, beside a chapel, and is surmounted by a wooden erection, said to have been Newton's private observatory. The house, which is now occupied as a printing office, is described by Mr. Heneage as one of good size, and formerly perhaps of some pretensions."

On the 20th of March, 1727, Sir Isaac Newton died, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. On the 2nd of that month he had presided at a meeting of the Royal Society. For a considerable time previously, however, his health had been declining, and he had abstained in a great measure from intellectual labour. During this season of rest he read much; but "the book which was commonly lying before him, and which he read oftenest, at last, was a duodecimo bible." Who can tell what the result of these quiet readings may have been? Is it wrong to hope that, taught by the Spirit of God, he may at last have apprehended the true import and glory of the gospel message as he had never done before? There is no evidence on the subject, and we must be contented to leave the question unsolved.

With distinguished honour, the body of the philosopher was conveyed to its last resting-place, in Westminster Abbey. The Lord High Chancellor and several of England's greatest nobles acted as pall-bearers. The relatives who inherited the personal estate of Sir Isaac, gave £500 for the erection of a monument, which occupies a conspicuous place in the Abbey. A full-length statue in white marble was erected at Cambridge, and various other memorials of the great man remain to his country.

In personal appearance Sir Isaac was not above the middle size, and he was inclined to corpulency in his later years. At thirty years of age, his hair had turned grey. Mr. Conduit describes his eye as "very lively and piercing," his aspect as "comely and gracious;" but Bishop Atterbury says that his eye, during the last twenty years of his life, could not be so characterised; that he had "something rather languid in his look and manner,

which did not raise any great expectation in those who did not know him."

With all the little jealousies into which controversy irritated Newton, he had undoubtedly the modesty which usually attends true genius and high attainments, the humility of the man who has seen so far as to learn how much there is beyond, which he does not know. We cannot close our sketch more appropriately than by quoting his own estimate of his labours as he looked back on them when his course was near a close. "I do not know," he says, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

THE DETECTIVE IN THE EAST.

AMAZING illustrations from time to time are presented by the public press of this country, of the skill by which the officers of justice unravel the complex web of guilt, and trace crime to its authors. The *detective*, as the superior class of our police functionaries is termed, seems often to lead a life of romance, by the shifting and tortuous guises which he assumes, and the strange adventures through which he passes. The subjoined incident, however, will show that the subtle genius of the natives of the East has anticipated our own police in their adroit modes of unveiling crime.

In the year 1812, the dominion of the Emir of Mount Lebanon embraced the sea coast of Syria, from Tripoli and Beyrout down even to the very base of Mount Carmel. The governor that then held the sway was exceedingly jealous of any crime committed within the limits of his jurisdiction passing without adequate punishment. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was his code.

One day, in the early spring of the year already named, when all nature was smiling around, and sweet feathered songsters woke up echoes to their merry carols through many a woodland and glen, three travellers started from Sidon, intending to cross over the river Damur, which flows into the sea half way between Sidon and Beyrout, and then, continuing their route, to make at this latter place their first halt on their way to the distant city of their destination.

Two of these men were professionally muleteers: heavy, beetle-browed men, who, from cruelly maltreating the poor mules and donkey they drove, had grown callous and heartless. They were, in fact, godless men, though nominally Christians of the Greek persuasion; and the love of gain and the desire for accumulation were so deeply enrooted in their wicked hearts, that they were continually forgetting that wholesome proverb, which warns us that all roads in the pilgrimage through this life, whether we travel along them in affluence or affliction, in honesty or vice, invariably terminate in a tomb, the entrance to which is so narrow that all must go in empty-handed, and naked as when born. The two muleteers, however, never thought of this; they had dark, bloody thoughts, like poisonous weeds, rankling round their hearts,

and inwardly strangling every dictate of conscience or humanity.

The third traveller was a venerable old merchant—a man who had scores of times passed by this road—a man whose repute for charity and hospitality was very great in the country—a man who was said never to have injured even a dumb animal intentionally; but then he carried with him a large sack of gold, and the weight of this smothered all remorse and pity in the hardened breasts of the two muleteers.

The three travellers plodded on, hour after hour, till at last reaching a part of the high road where it crosses the river, and where it is fordable, they called a halt, and there the foul deed they contemplated was done. The corpse was left where it fell, for the travellers had started secretly and early from Sidon, and the old man was never missed till some days afterwards. Then, when his body was found, the Druse governor made strenuous but ineffectual efforts to trace home the deed to the guilty parties, but in vain. Not the slightest clew, nothing that could throw the shadow of a doubt upon any man, transpired for months, and the dreadful occurrence gradually ceased to be thought of or spoken about. But "murder will out." The governor, secretly and unknown to even his own counsellors, deputed two trustworthy police agents to build them a small hut amidst the bulrushes and bushes on the identical spot where the body was discovered, and there keep watch alternately night and day, listening attentively to the theme of conversation adopted by the wayfarers who passed to and fro. These men faithfully discharged their trust, and remained on the alert for eight long months; but not a word had been overheard which could in any way inculpate any one.

At last, one day in the depth of winter, when it was blowing a perfect hurricane from seaward, and the breeze carried all sounds spoken along the beach side clearly and distinctly inland, our two watchers had their keenest attention awakened by fragments of a conversation which was borne to them upon the gale.

"What a lucky thing, was it not," quoth one gruff voice, "that no suspicion has ever lighted upon our shoulders?"

"Yes, and what is better still," replied the other, "bushes and bulrushes have so overgrown the place that few travellers save ourselves could specify the identical spot."

The watchmen waited to hear no more, but, rushing out, seized the two speakers, and the next day they were executed, having confessed their crime. Vidocq himself could scarcely, we think, have carried out a better laid scheme of detection.

Our second instance is perhaps still more singular; and it will be observed that in both cases the discovery of the crime mainly emanated from the guilty parties themselves, who walked, as it were, blindfolded to their apprehension.

A huckster at Beyrout, a man of violent passions, one day had some angry words with a shopkeeper in the bazaar, and, in the fury of the moment, wounded the latter mortally, so that he fell dead at his feet. Knowing well the fierce retribution that awaited such a crime, he instantly fled home, and having hurriedly gathered together all his valuables, he rushed down to the beach, and,

jumping into an Arab boat, induced the owner of it to put to sea immediately, and was that night safely landed at Larnacea in Cyprus. This island was then under Turkish sway, as it remains to the present day, and the Druse governor's authority was utterly powerless in it; but as he had brought the two muleteers to justice, he determined not to leave a stone unturned in his efforts to punish the culprit in this case also. He hit upon his plan, but suffered months to roll on till the scheme was well matured and ripe for operation.

Meanwhile the unsuspecting criminal had established himself at Larnacea, and was there doing a thriving trade; so much so that, to the eyes of the world, he seemed to be succeeding all the better for the iniquity with which he was loaded. But "suddenly they perish and come to a fearful end," was the motto to be written over his tomb. After a whole year had elapsed, the Emir sent a trustworthy emissary to Larnacea, who, under the pretence that he was flying from the persecutions of the governor, took up his abode in Cyprus, and, as a natural consequence, had not been there many days before he encountered his old fellow townsman, the culprit, with whom his disguise so well succeeded that he not only threw the man off his guard, but actually induced him to enter into partnership with him.

For a time things progressed; but by some agency, mysterious to the guilty man, all of a sudden the affairs of the firm became terribly embarrassed. They were compelled, in short, to borrow large sums of money, hoping soon to make things square again.

Matters, however, went on from bad to worse, till bankruptcy and prison, or dishonourable flight, appeared to be the only alternative left to the tottering firm. They chose the latter; and it was agreed, though not without considerable opposition on the part of one of them, that they should take boat immediately for Beyrout, and, landing there, instantly hire another vessel to carry them on to Alexandria, at which latter place there could be no doubt as to their ultimate safety and success.

So long a time had elapsed since the guilty man had left Beyrout, and their stay there was to be so short, that he fell into the snare without apprehension of the consequences. He had not been ashore at Beyrout ten minutes, however, before he was apprehended and hanged; discovering, to his amazement, that the partner of his failing fortunes had been an officer of justice in disguise. "Evil shall hunt the violent man."

THE BURIED SEED.

WE never despair, writes a missionary from the South Seas, of a man who is acquainted with the Scriptures. As an instance of seed lying buried a long time, and subsequently springing into life, I might mention a case which has recently come under my notice. Poloa, when a youth, seventeen years ago, learnt to read, and attended a bible class of the Rev. A. Macdonald, now in New Zealand, but then residing in this neighbourhood. In those early days of the mission they had only the Gospel by Matthew, and that, too, so imperfectly translated that some doubted whether it

should be printed. As this youth grew to manhood, he followed the devices and desires of his evil heart, and ran into every excess of riot and wickedness. He was the prime mover in building a war-boat for this village. While engaged about the boat, he was seized with spitting of blood, but it seemed to have no effect in deterring him from his evil courses; for, on the boat being finished, he embarked in it for Manono, the seat of war. On arriving there, one of his comrades commenced loading his musket, and produced for wadding a piece of printed paper. Poloa instinctively took it up to examine, when his eye caught the words, "There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." (It was a leaf of the old first edition of Matthew.) "That," thought he, "will be my portion should I die in this war!" The arrow had pierced his heart. He disengaged himself as speedily as possible from the war party, and is now a candidate for baptism.

A QUESTION THAT SHOULD BE ANSWERED.

SUPPOSE that any of you had to cross the Thames, and then immediately afterwards to embark on board ship, to sail across the sea, we will say to China; both undertakings are before you, and the last is to commence instantly, on the termination of the first. Well, a friend calls upon you, and you show him vast preparations made for crossing the river—the most minute things remembered—nothing whatever omitted. Then he asks you to show him your preparations for crossing the sea, and you give him no answer at all; he repeats the question, and repeats it again and again, and at length you reply that really you have omitted them—that you have made no preparation at all—that you have done nothing—positively nothing. What say you to such conduct? You condemn it as grossly unwise. But is not your conduct the exact counterpart of this? every preparation made, for the present short and uncertain life—no preparation made, for a life that shall never end; every preparation made for crossing the narrow river of time—no preparation made for crossing the boundless ocean of eternity. Is this ordinary wisdom? Judge ye. No preparation for death or judgment, or for meeting God.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WHAT are they? gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury;
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
With lordly pomp and state?
Or thankless, liveried serving-men,
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats,
Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden-chased cups o'erbrimmed
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchments setting forth
Broad lands our fathers held;
Parks for our deer; ponds for our fish;
And woods that may be felled?

No, no, they are not these! or else,
Heaven help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these! our household wealth
Belongs not to degree;
It is the love within our souls—
The children at our knee!

My heart is filled with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright, are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasure,
Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving human things
Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children,
The toiling though the young,
Gathering with sunburnt hands
The dusty wayside flowers!
Alas! that pastime symbolleth
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand:
And this, he kisses tenderly;
And that, sweet names doth call—
For I know he has no treasure
Like those dear children small!

Oh, children young, I bless ye,
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate,
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim—
The Saviour blessed ye while on earth,
I bless ye in his name!

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

ON solemn world! Thou mighty grave,
Where all our loved ones rest,
As weary babes in slumber sink
Upon their mother's breast.

Unsleeping Death, at night, at morn,
At noon and eventide,
Doth ever, through thy length and breadth,
With noiseless footstep glide!

We see the gentle floweret crushed
Beneath his blasting tread,
And cry, "Destroying angel, spare
The ripening fruit o'erhead!"

In vain! The trees of human life
He shaketh in his might;
And earth is strown with fairest fruits,
Green leaves, and blossoms bright.

Oh, land of sorrow, pain, and sin!
Through falling tears we smile,
That in so sad a scene our stay
Is but "a little while!"

Hope's banner, waving o'er the tomb,
Proclaims a brighter home:
The glorious motto that it bears
Is this—"The world to come."

So while above the dead we weep,
Let not our hearts rebel;
For Jesus, if in thee they sleep,
They shall indeed "do well."

JOSEPHINE.

Varieties.

CURIOUS PASTIME OF A SEA-BEAR.—We pushed on for Tongue Point, and there pitched. More bears. I was busy on the Point with the instrument, watching an object, when I noticed a lady and her cub amusing themselves, as I imagined, at a game of romps, but the old lady was evidently the more excited. Possibly no such opportunity has before been afforded to any naturalist of witnessing quietly the humours or habits of these animals. At first the motions of the mother appeared to me as ridiculously absurd, or as if she was teaching her cub to perform a summerset, or something nearly approaching it: but the cub evinced no interest, no participation in the sport; indeed, moved off and lay down, apparently to sleep. The antics, too, of the mother were too distant from the cub to prove instructive. I will endeavour to convey my impression of the exhibition, as viewed through the telescope at a distance of a quarter of a mile, as well as the object on which she appeared intent. It must first be borne in mind that a bear of such dimensions as that before me would weigh about six and a-half or seven hundredweight. The object apparently in view was to break a hole in the ice. In order to effect this, the claws were first put into requisition, and, as nimbly and gracefully as a dog did the huge creature tear up and scatter snow and ice to the winds: having removed, as she imagined, sufficient, she then appeared to estimate her distance, calculate on her leap, and in the effort came down perpendicular on her fore-paws over the spot where she had scratched. Something she imagined had been effected. She continued to repeat this stretching and amusing mode of pounding until at length she appeared satisfied, when she assumed an attitude of "dead point," with fore-paw raised, and remained for some time immovable. The question occurred to me, "Is this a mode, by concussion and making a hole, of seducing a seal within gripe?" for I have repeatedly noticed, that, when we cut for tide-pole, fire-hole, etc., these inquisitive animals will show themselves. This, however, I leave for others to verify.—*Sir E. Belcher.*

INVENTOR OF GAS-LIGHTS.—The inventor of gas-lights was a Frenchman, Philippe Le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1785, adopted the idea of using, for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He laboured for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not until 1790 that he confided his discovery to the Institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memoir containing the result of his researches. Le Bon commenced by distilling wood, in order to obtain from it gas, oil, pitch, and pyroligneous acid, but his work indicated the possibility of obtaining gas by distillation from fatty or oily substances. From 1799 to 1802, Le Bon made numerous experiments. He established at Havre his first thermo-lamps, but the gas which he obtained being a mixture of carburetted hydrogen and oxide of carbon, and but imperfectly freed from its impurities, gave only a feeble light, and evolved an insupportable odour, and the result was, that but little favour was shown to the new discovery; the inventor ultimately died, ruined by his experiments. The English soon put in practice the crude ideas of Le Bon. In 1804, Windsor patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas; in 1805, several shops in Birmingham were illuminated by gas, manufactured by the process of Windsor and Murdock; among those who used this new light was Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. In 1816, the first use was made of gas in London, and it was not until 1818 that this invention, really of French origin, was applied in France.—*New York Magazine.*

BE CAREFUL OF SMALL THINGS.—Irving, in his "Life of Washington," dwells on the particularity with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs. The Father of his Country, as his correspondence and account-books show, was "careful of small things" as well as of great, not disdaining to scrutinise the most petty expenses of his household; and this even while acting as chief magistrate of the first republic in the world. In private circles in the city tradition preserves numerous anecdotes of this characteristic.

SCOTCHMEN IN INDIA.—At a meeting held in Bombay to commemorate the anniversary of St. Andrews'-day, Dr. Buist showed how much India was indebted to Scotchmen; stating that "the 'Bombay Quarterly Review' is chiefly written by Scotchmen, it is printed by a Scotchman, and published by a Scotchman. The 'Bombay Gazette' is conducted by a Scotchman; the 'Telegraph and Courier' has, with one exception, always been conducted by Scotchmen, and is so still. He who does the 'Times' is a Scotchman; the 'Bombay Guardian' and 'Oriental Christian Spectator' were founded or conducted by Scotchmen. The Asiatic and Medical Societies are presided over by Scotchmen. The principals of both our Colleges are Scotch, and some of our professors are Scotch; and those who have not been so favoured in their birth, have wisely endeavoured to remedy the deficiency by marrying Scotch wives. The director of public instruction is a Scotchman, and so is the senior inspector of schools. Our governor is a Scotchman, three of his personal staff are Scotch. Of the last ten governors who have presided over us, five have been Scotch, and for thirty years out of sixty Bombay has been blessed with a Scotch administration. We have a Scotchman at the head of the Commissariat, and another for his deputy. Our quartermaster general is a Scotchman. Our physician-general is a Scotchman, and so is the surgeon-general; while our garrison engineer, civil architect, and dockyard engineer are all Scotch. It is quite clear that our noble army could neither be fed, physicked, or clothed, taken to the field, or made comfortable in cantonments, except for Scotchmen."

THE ZUIDER ZEE.—The vast body of water called the Zuider Zee owes its origin to an inundation; for the greater part of the space now occupied by that arm of the ocean is known to have been dry land in the thirteenth century. Before that period there were merely two freshwater lakes existing at the spot, but the action of the waters gradually destroyed the tract of country between them; and in 1170, during a great flood, the southern lake rose to the gates of Utrecht, and became permanently extended over a much larger area. For upwards of two hundred years from that time the lake continued to increase in size, "swallowing up whole forests and many acres of land, so that large ships could be navigated where carriages used formerly to travel." At last, in 1396, the fresh water entirely disappeared; the islands now existing were cut off from the main land, and the ancient lake of the Zuider Zee became converted into an arm of the German Ocean.—*The Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery.*

WHY SHOULD LABOUR BE DRUDGERY?—Drudgery is one thing; true labour is another. No man has any right to be a drudge; no man was ever made for that. If true to himself, he cannot but be something more. The seeds of something more are in him. In his very nature there wait faculties to be unfolded, which he has no right whatever to neglect. Faculties, religious, moral, intellectual, in exercising which he lifts himself above the sense of want, above the power of fear, of fortune, or of death, feels his immortality, becomes himself what God intended him to be. In any kind of business or labour he can find sphere for the exercise of these his greatest faculties; if he cannot, he is bound to labour somewhere else. No one has a right to live merely to "get a living." And this is what is meant by drudgery. Drudgery is not confined to the labour of the hands, nor to any one class of occupations. There are intellectual and fashionable drudges. And there are hard-working humble labourers, more free, more dignified and manly in all they do, or look, or think, than any who look down upon them. Some soil their hands with the earth; others soil their minds indelibly by the pride and vanity which keep their hands so delicate. The true man "stoops to conquer." The vain man wears his head aloft, while the rock is wasting from under his feet, and the glow of disinterested activity, the beauty on which he prides himself, fades from his face.